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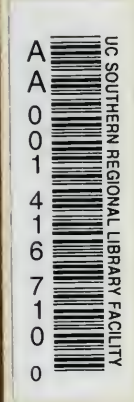
BRAZIER

MARCUS CLARKE



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Marcus Clarke:

His Work and Genius.

A. W. BRAZIER.

Marcus Clarke.

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Marcus Clarke:

His Work and Genius.

BY

A. W. BRAZIER, M.A.,

(*Sub-Librarian of the Public Library of Victoria, and President of the Australian Literature Society*).

. . . . . "Ille potens sui
Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse 'Vixi!'" . . . . . .

"Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam."

—*HORACE.*

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NOTE.

When this monograph on his illustrious predecessor in our noble Public Library was read by the author before the Australian Literature Society, its value as a brilliant exposition of the work and genius of Marcus Clarke was fully appreciated, and its publication urged, in order that both those who had had the pleasure of hearing it and those who had not might possess it in a permanent form. It may be objected by people who are always so sure of what they are not sure, that "we know all about Marcus Clarke." But if, having any wish to learn anything at all about one who remains *facile princeps* in the Australian section of English literature, such people, who even know all about Shakespeare by glancing at the volumes that contain his works, will be at the pains to peruse these pages, they will be undeceived. Moreover, those of them who have underrated the artist or misjudged the man will become better disposed to appreciate at their true value the work and genius of Clarke.

"'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than mortal art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And bear me o'er the earth or through the air,
To Thebes or Athens, when he will and where."

It is in the fitness of things that Mr. Brazier, who is both Clarke's successor in office and President of the Australian Literature Society, in succession to the far-famed "Rolfe Boldrewood," should be the writer of this monograph, as it was also in the fitness of things that he should have read it before a Society whose chief objects are the study of Australian literature and the encouragement of Australian authors whose work has artistic value or the promise of artistic value—with which the commercial value, sad to say, is too

oft at variance. And it is as well for the advancement and usefulness of this Society, which has already a large and daily increasing membership, including most of the leading writers in Australia, as for the reasons above stated, that this appreciation of the work and genius of Clarke is now presented to a wider audience.

HENRY C. J. LINGHAM.

Melbourne,
February, 1902.

MARCUS CLARKE:

HIS WORK AND GENIUS.

So much more is known of the life of Marcus Clarke, who has been dead now these twenty years, than of his work, that I do not intend to deal with my subject biographically. Or rather, so many anecdotes abound, more or less true, often silly, sometimes malicious, that it is time some serious and adequate estimate were made of the man as a writer, and of his genius, from a source that is an open page to all, namely, his work. I will only here state that a life of Clarke by Mr. Cyril Hopkins, an old schoolmate of his, is to be published shortly. It will no doubt be looked forward to with interest. Neither do I intend to enter into idle speculations as to what might have been if Marcus Clarke's mother had not died when he was so young; if his father had not died at all, or had at least died wealthy; if he had not come to Melbourne; if he had not been a failure as a bank clerk; if he had not gone to Bullocktown; if he had gone to London at the invitation of the "Daily Telegraph;" if he had been a model as a Government official; because "if ifs and ans were kettles and pans, what would tinkers do?"

I, for my part, am quite prepared to take him as he was, and would not risk his having been otherwise. But

I venture to affirm that to label Marcus Clarke "Bohemian" (whatever that may be), and then shelve him in a dark and dusty corner of our intellectual warehouse, is by no means an adequate or even a possible treatment for such a man. With a heart as big as a basket, and, one may well admit, with quite no taint of the instincts of the miser, he was a new Peter Bell.

> A sovereign rolling on its rim,
> A yellow sovereign was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

Money was nothing to him but so much metal milled to scratch the itching palms of those who played upon his good nature, upon a heart strangely simple in the affairs of the world; too generous even to be suspicious. I met a man once who told me that Marcus had once borrowed half a sovereign of him and had never paid it back. Fancy! It was to buy a bottle of champagne. How dreadful! We may safely presume, however, that Marcus's creditor had *his* half of the bottle. And fancy a glass of champagne with Marcus! Which would have sparkled more—the wine or the man? My first impulse was to put my hand in my pocket and repay the debt; but I did not do so for two reasons: (1) the debt was evidently regarded as "a hair of Caesar begged for memory, to be bequeathed as a rich legacy." And so I had not the heart to take it away. My second reason was that there was not half a sovereign in my pocket.

But let us Melburnians look to ourselves. Marcus Clarke has left us great wealth, as yet untold; wealth that beggars the word value in terms of gold. It is coin stamped with the image and superscription of genius. Is there no currency for such coinage in this land of his adoption? Nay, is it true that "a few South Australians" over in Adelaide erected in 1898 a monument over a long-neglected grave in a Melbourne cemetery? Is it true that from Brisbane to Hobart—aye, from Cape York to Port Arthur—a certain name is a name to conjure with in the hearts of Australians—save only where lies that intellecutal desert, illiterate Melbourne? Is it true that Sydney is now the capital of letters and the

centre of literary activity in this Commonwealth of Australia? Is it true that a certain weekly journal published there—a publication whose vigour the *literati* fail to deny, but whose tone they are prone to deplore—holds, and has earned, a representative position in Australian literature? "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May we not wash in them and be clean?" Where is our "land flowing with milk and honey"? Are the well-springs of Jordan all dried up? And so the literary leprosy cleaves to us still.

Was it so in Marcus Clarke's day? For, behold, the glory has departed out of our heavens. Let but the light of a sun go out, and his satellites, robbed of their reflected glory, roll restless and unseen in their ambitious graves. All is dark and desolate now. Nay, let him at least occupy the seat of honour to-night. Let us see from his work, at one brief glance, what manner of man he was who poured forth his wealth at our feet; giving "like a rich man who cares not what he gives." And then let us cry with ancient Pistol: "Base is the slave who pays."

Let us open his "Peripatetic Philosopher" papers. Now then, page 1, chapter i., line 1: "A certain sect of ancient philosophers were wont to carry on their arguments, not in heated rooms or noisy public meetings, not in the shade of pilastered porches or in cloistered seculsion, but in the open air. As they walked they philosophised. . . . They commented on all things.

'Quid toto fiat in orbe;
Quid Seres, quid Thraces agunt.'

A dirty little sunburnt Athenian *gamin* playing in the gutter; the chariot with its three foaming horses and white-cloaked driver as the fat, full-fed city magnate swept down to the baths; the latest town gossip; the last escapade of Alcibiades, or the last bit of news concerning Nicias and the army; the disputes of the oily vagabond water-carriers; the shrill clamours of the women at the fountains—all had some interest for

these philosophers. Not for them the hot schools, where fierce disputants split straws by the waggon-load, figuratively, and had more than split crowns, practically, all the broiling summer's day—until the sun went down behind the black olive groves on the hill, and the mighty statue of Pallas stood out one sable mass against the violet of the evening sky." That is not a bad start, surely.

But it must not be forgotten that the local habitation and the number of our philosopher was: No. 2 Gaspipe, Cole's Wharf. He says: "He is a poor philosopher, whose shoes are down at heel and worn out in the soles; whose elbows are visible through his ragged jerkin ('tis true, O Marcus!); who munches his black bread with thankfulness, and in his inmost heart has an utter contempt for everybody, himself included."

How our philosopher anatomises the new chum—"Guy de Vere, for instance, who has been liberally educated, has fagged at Eton and been plucked at Oxford. He is tolerably wealthy, and travels about for amusement, which he never obtains. Not being endowed with brains to any alarming extent, he is given to boasting, and will talk about 'poor Hastings,' and 'that rum fellah Hartington,' while he invariably speaks of the female members of the aristocracy by abbreviations of their Christian names, and bewilders the plebeian mind by constant references to 'Lady Bab, you know,' and 'little Emily,' and hints that, in his opinion, 'Flo' didn't do badly, when you come to think of it.' And so on. He walked down Collins-street *once*, it appears, and 'remarked that Melbourne was not the place for an idle man, and that he should never again come further south than the Mediterranean.'" "But Guy de Vere is an exception. The average new chum disappears mysteriously, none can tell whither. Dickens desires to know what becomes of all the postboys and donkeys. I want to know what becomes of all the new chums." Then there is the anatomisation of "Mr. Montague Tigg;" there is the sharebroker, "the names of whose friends read like a chapter from the Book of Numbers." Sharebroking, it appears, is "not immaculate." There is the "parochial committee-

man," who is, "of course, intensely respectable and intensely narrow-minded;" who is "the father of a family," and is "practical, sir, strictly practical;" who is "eternally rising to order, and begging to say 'a few words on the subject of hard-boiled eggs;'" who, being a member of some charitable institution, is "always proposing economical tricks by which twopenny worth of cream and one basin of gruel can be saved per diem—amounting at the end of the year, Mr. Chairman, to a very considerable sum." Then there is that exquisite "reminiscence"—quite French in substance and in manner—of a bet in which "I took five to one in Provinces with Esterhazy concerning a statement of Louis Napoleon, that if he married, he would "marry a Bourbon and consolidate the empire;" and it is explained how Esterhazy "owęs me the money to this day." There is that picture by an Australian artist that "reminds someone forcibly of Turner or Creswick." There is the Melbourne cabman "smarter" than his London prototype, "because he drinks brandy instead of gin;" who is "like the hippopotamus of the showman—a singular unique animal," who is "independent, bold, sturdy, and pot-valiant to excess; who is not altogether averse to bullying quiet people; and never has change late at night." There is the "sham criminality" of the *ingenuus puer, aetat 20*, who has committed, by his own hinted showing, all the seven deadly sins seven times over;" who "will sneer at all that is pure and good, not because he has found out that goodness and purity are simply relative terms, but because he thinks that vice is manly, and purity a quality confined to school-girls and Horniman's teas." . . . "One meets donkeys of this sort all over the world, but they swarm in Australia." . . . "Oh, dear! will nobody say anything really worth listening to in praise of poor, honest, ugly, neglected Virtue?" There is the "little wonder" of the circus, who "one day, while standing above the cruel faces she knows so well, above the tobacco smoke and clamour, and rustle of silks, and popping of corks, and shrill unnatural laughter, a sudden sickness seizes her, and the ropes tremble, and cross-beams swing before her, and women shriek, and the

end has come to the poor 'little wonder.' . . . . "I venture to think," he says, "that this is not an improvement on the old times," on "those old Roman days." There is Democracy—not Democracy "in a red cap leaning on a blood-stained axe;" that is terrible enough; but "Democracy in ill-made dress clothes, spouting watery adulation at a corporation dinner;" there are "some people," it appears, "who combine the wildest republicanism of sentiment with the profoundest humility of deportment. They talk like Camille Desmoulins, and act like Jeames in a new suit of plush. . . . They talk about liberty of soul, equality of honest men, but would disdain to nod to their tailor if they met him in the street. . . . The fact of this apparent contradiction is easily accounted for. They want equality to their own level. . . . 'Gentleman' (it appears) once meant an honest, courteous, brave, and liberal man—a man who had an arm to strike at oppression and vice, and a heart to pity the repentant and weak. Now it means—money, for one thing; clothes for another; social position for another; an ability to read, write, dance, and run into debt for a fourth; a certain style of speaking, looking, walking and eating for a fifth; but it means principally—money." . . . "Heaven save us! I am no 'red republican,' but the cant of 'good blood' is utterly abominable to me. As Crebillon said, 'I hope there is distinction of rank below, for the gentlemen will get the best seats—next the fire.' . . . The sham aristocracy of a country like this is pitifully absurd. Every man has it in himself to make himself respected, honoured, and ennobled. If he does not do it, let him take it for granted that Nature did not intend him for an aristocrat, and be contented." That is fair enough; there is no snobbery about it. The sympathies of our philosopher go up even to the "Sixpenny Gallery"—amongst the gods. His readers are "for the most part of the porcelain of humanity—a little cracked here and there," perhaps; but he still "confesses a sympathy for common clay." He "likes to see human nature with its coat off, and to descend an octave in the social scale." . . . "Did you ever study the face of a begrimed and shirt-

sleeved son of toil as he leans over the railing in the front of the gallery, and resting his chin upon one half-naked and muscular arm gloats upon the stage, and pushes his rusty cap back over his touzled head in inexpressible rapture? He is well worthy the looking at. So also is the fat matron, who unpins her shawl to gasp the easier at the pathetic passages. So is the small boy who cracks nuts," and the rest. "I made a study of an old woman there the other night who would have been worth £10,000 to Eugène Sue. She was the only living representative of La Chouette I ever saw. A glorious old woman! Her hideousness was so superlative in its magnificence that it was almost beautiful." But the gallery folk do not "come in late, or bang the doors, or talk loudly and laugh," as they do in the boxes. "Give me the gallery," says our philosopher. There is the "quiet club" called "Golgotha"—a literary club, the place of skulls, of which "I may briefly mention that the story about the newspaper lad being scraped to death with oyster-shells at a late supper and buried in the back kitchen is not absolutely true in all its details. . . More I cannot reveal." Then there is the classification of "Bows," of which "one method is purely colonial. . . . It consists in grinning superciliously and then jerking the head back over the off ear, as if to avoid a tap on the chin. The instant the bowee recognises you, you resume your wooden expression, and look as if you had never seen him before. . . Indeed, when accompanied with a nonchalant swing of a threepenny cane, etc." There is that on "Cant." "I am not good myself. I own it. Neither are you, reader. Neither is Mawworm there, who leers at his neighbour's wife over the top of his psalm-book. We are all human, and are apt to err. For goodness' sake, let us be charitable. It is so easy to be good if you don't want to be wicked." I have no time to tell how our philosopher once "danced until daylight at the Duchess of O—'s ball," and what happened to his royal master; nor how he wandered one evening into an Arcadia of love in the Fitzroy Gardens, and "felt out of place;" of "those young gentlemen who write those pretty letters to strange pretty faces"—

"those letters with a P.S.: 'Meet me at Bourke and Wills' monument at half-past eight.' And the pretty faces come, too! Ah me! there is a great deal of human nature in men and women." And of the railway refreshment rooms, and "the mosquito-bitten boy there who stared ostentationsly at a hole in my elbow and whistled 'The Bloated Young Aristocrat' with contemptuous emphasis." And "Where are the boys of our boyhood, O my Pompeius? Where are those rosy-cheeked urchins who played at prisoners' base and at marbles, who 'fagged out' so tearfully and 'broke bounds' so eagerly? Where are those happy fellows . . ? Gone, like the years. *Labuntur anni*, *Postume*, *Postume!* The years glide away and are lost to me—lost to me. Those boys are grey-headed old fogies now." Then there is "young Melibœus, yonder, who is five and twenty, red-headed, freckly, stupid, and conceited," who "has 50,000 sheep, drives a drag," and ultimately marries haughty Miss Belinda Battleaxe, whose fortune is nearly as big as her feet." But I must pass the rest with regret—even "the question, asked aloud, as to what has agitated your gentle breasts this week, my dear public; and the young man with the fixed eye and greasy hair, who officiates as waiter, and who stops before me in a stolid manner and says: "Barmaids." "Why barmaids?" say I. To which he makes no answer, but digging his fixed eye into me, as it were—like one leg of a pair of compasses—rolls the other one round me, and, with a contemptuous snuffle, departs." And we must now dismiss our philosopher to his private residence, "No. 2 Gaspipe, Cole's Wharf."

One has only to read these papers of the "Peripatetic Philosopher" to be forcibly and finally convinced that Marcus Clarke was a man of tender, large, and far-reaching sympathies. Nothing human is too mean to command his attention and interest; nothing too high to escape his censure. Nothing so brilliant of its kind has ever before or since appeared in colonial journalism. It is really not ephemeral literature at all, but literary art of a very high order. How our philosopher sparkles

with wit, too! How true he rings—every time. How strong he is; how hard he hits. He will not surrender even to divide the spoil with such conquerors as Sham, Cant, and Humbug. One seems to discover a sort of missionary spirit in this our Marcus; not religious, but social. He would have disclaimed it, no doubt, utterly. But he is surely a new, an Australian, St. Mark, the Scrivener, the Writer, the Clarke; not a man of action, but one who "held the mirror up to Nature," and "Nature" did not altogether like it. Who was this upstart who dared to make himself heard? And so he made many bitter enemies. Well and good; we would have it so. "Friends" are often less a certificate of merit. We can well understand how one so naturally gentle, single-hearted, so refined and sympathetic as he was, would revolt to the depths of his whole being against whited sepulchres set up in high places, sepulchres full of dead bones from which the spirit has, with all hope, departed. Surely he was "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," as well as "the love of love."

But we must get along to "Holiday Peak." We must "ride hard all night in an Australian tempest." (There is some brilliant descriptive writing—artistic, ideal—at the beginning of this piece.) And then "you shake your bridle, the mare lengthens her stride, the tree trunks run into one another, the leaves make overhead a continuous curtain, the earth reels out beneath you like a strip of grey cloth spun by a furiously flying boom, the air strikes your face sharply; the bush, always grey and colourless, parts before you, and closes behind you like a fog. You lose yourself in this prevailing indecision of sound and colour. You become drunk with the wine of the night, and, losing your individuality, sweep onward on a flying phantom in a land of shadow." And so on. "With what delight I hailed the glorious outburst of a sunny morning!" I was "expected," it appears. "Expected? Then what place is this?" "It's got a lot o' names," said Wallaby Dick. "Some calls it one thing, and some another. I call it Holiday Peak, because I comes here for my holidays; but it's known to many

folks as Mount Might-ha-been." Many travellers stay here, it appears. There is even Ah Yung, the Chinaman, who is "no cook. Me Chinee gentleman. Me might-a-been cook if me run away on board ship, and go fool my money away in lottery." There is Jack Reckless, who "might have been in gaol for forgery, but instead told his dear old father all about his debts, and so was all right." And "Little Lucy," his wife. "You remember little Lucy." There is Gerard, "whose picture, the 'Death of Alcibiades,' is the talk of the year?" "I shall soon be as famous as you?" "As I? You jest." "Ah, lucky fellow!" said Gerard, "how different things might have been if you hadn't taken your uncle's advice!" (Sarcasm, Marcus?) "You dine with Carabas to-night, remember," said Gerard. "Balthazar Claes and Byles Gridley will be there." There is Mostyn. There are Dickens and Thackeray, who "never looked better;" "they are great friends now, you know." There is Constantia, who did not marry Count Caskowisky, after all. "Count Caskowisky be confounded," said Gerard. "No, she married me. We have three children. *Sans adieu!*" . . . "I fell back in my easy chair. I must be dreaming. But no! there is my Swiss valet, laying out my dress clothes." (It is all real enough.) The Countess of Monte Christo has ordered her lord to give up travelling, and, of course, he obeys. He has, in fact, sold his island to an Australian wine-grower, who has turned the cavern into cellars. There is "poor Danglars;" and Lord and Lady Byron, Balzac being between them. There are Lord Steyne and Becky Sharpe—beg pardon, Mrs. Crawley—and the rest; the Rev. Henry Foker and Archdeacon Castigan, Steerforth, and Sir Montague Tigg. There is Warrington, who married Laura, it appears. 'I thought that——' There is "George Gentle and Mr. Casaubon at billiards, Major-General Hinton, and Colonel Lorrequer betting on the game." There is Admiral Cuttle, K.C.B., and Prince Djalma, who "could not resist Fosco." "Save Quilp, I seldom found a more fascinating man," said Guy Livingstone. "He is too fond of violent exercise for my taste, though. I detest your muscular heroes." "Who

does not?" said Kingsley from a little table where he sat with Dr. Newman and Swinburne. "Algernon, we're four by honours." "And the odd trick!" interjected Antonelli. "I decline to take advantage of an adversary." ("Surely," I thought, punching myself violently, "I must be dreaming!") And so on. "Here, then, was Atlantis, here the Fortunate Isles, the Valley of Avilion, the true El Dorado—the wondrous Land of Might-have-been. . . . Charlemagne and Arthur had come again, . . . and the mighty laughter of the heroes shook the hall. . . . Yes, it was true. . . . All around me were beauty, truth, honour; and serene in the midst of great and noble souls, I felt my spirit strengthened and sustained. At length, above a door of ivory, half hidden by a purple curtain, I saw, perched upon the bust of Pallas, the mocking figure of a raven. The door yielded, and I entered. I was in a long apartment, going on a balcony open to the night; as I entered, a lady, clad in white, came towards me. I knew her at once. It was the Lady Lenore. Lenore! The lost Lenore. She who forever waits and forever eludes our passionate arms. Dante called her Beatrice, Petrarch Laura, Burns knew her as Mary, Byron as ——; but why multiply names? 'Lenore.'"

She gave me two cool hands and kissed me. "At last, then! At last, Lenore! Our 'strange unsatisfied longing' is over; and at last—oh, other half of my soul!—I have and hold thee."

She did not speak. I drew her to the window. 'I know thou art real. Come, my love; see, the boat lies below. Let us leave this place.' In the far East, where the waves tumbled white upon the shore, trembled the dawn. The moon was fading, the city, the river, and the enchanted gardens lay lapped in a mysterious light. Alas! "Come——" "But even as I pleaded she seemed to withdraw from me. One glance, sad and tender, pitying and hopeful, thrilled me; a farewell kiss, pure as fire, light as a falling roseleaf, hushed my lips, and—I was alone. Alone upon the triform hill, whose mysterious altars reddened in the risen dawn. My holiday was over."

See what this our Caesar has left us. Here is some of the wealth I spoke of. Come, oh ye worshippers of Mammon, slobber over his memory now. Come, oh "Master of Arts of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Bencher of the Inner Temple, who hadst a world-wide reputation in literature, thou who wast glum once because thou wast indebted for thy dinner to this little cad, who has just gone out"—of life.

See:

> "He has left you all his walks,
> His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
> On this side Tiber."

The Tiber of death. Yes, he is quite dead now. Read "Holiday Peak." How the printed page seems to glow. The writer writes not in words, but in images. His passages are marvels of vividness and conciseness—flashes of vision hardly less real because they are imaginative; rhythms of musical thought. What is this secret of genius—a secret so subtle that genius itself cannot answer?

"Here was a Caesar! Whence comes such another?"

The citizens, forsooth, will have "the will, the will." He died bankrupt, oh citizens, save for some few pages, some few books, within the covers of which he is sealed more securely than all the Pharaohs in the pyramids of Egypt. He himself is all his wealth.

And "Pretty Dick," the seven-years' old son of Richard Fielding, the shepherd. "Pretty Dick was a slender little man, with eyes like pools of still water when the sun is violet at sunset, and a skin as white as milk—that is, under his little blue and white shirt; for where the sun had touched it, it was golden brown, and his hands were the colour of the ripe chestnuts his father used to gather in England years ago." He understood, it appears, "all about milking, did Pretty Dick;" he could chop wood; he could ride, not a buckjumper, but old Molly, the wall-eyed mare. "Everyone loved Pretty Dick; even old Sam, who had been a 'lag,' and was a very wicked man, hushed the foul jest and savage oath

when the curly head of Pretty Dick came within hearing; and the men always felt as if they had their Sunday clothes on in his presence." . . .

'Mother,' said Pretty Dick, 'I am going down to the creek.' 'Take care you don't get lost!' said she, half in jest, half in earnest. 'Lost! No fear!' said Pretty Dick. (He did though. How graphically it is all described.) It is related how he went into "the bush;" how he became tired and went to sleep; how he awoke, and, seeing that it was getting late, "he must go home, or mother would be frightened." But somehow "the trees did not seem familiar;" he seemed to hear his mother say quite plainly, 'Take care you don't get lost, Pretty Dick.' He "swallowed down a lump in his throat, and went on again." He saw Mr. Gaunt, the overseer, on horseback, and coo-eed—in vain. At length "he could only stagger along from tree to tree in the gloomy woods, and cry 'Mother! mother!'" But there was no mother to help him. . . . "Nothing living was near him, save a hideous black crow, who perched himself on the branch of a withered tree and mocked him: 'Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Walk! Walk! Walk!' At last the sweet night fell, and the stars looked down into the gullies and ravines, where Pretty Dick, all bruised, bleeding, and despairing, was staggering from rock to rock, sick at heart, drenched with dew, hatless, shoeless, tear-stained, crying, 'Mother! mother! I am lost! Oh, mother! mother!'

"The calm, pitiless stars looked down upon him." . . . "Poor Pretty Dick! No more mother's kisses, no more father's caresses, no more songs, no more pleasures, no more flowers, no more sunshine, no more love. . . . There, among the awful mystery and majesty of nature, alone, a terrified little human soul, with the eternal grandeur of the forests, the mountains, and the myriad voices of the night, Pretty Dick knelt down, and, lifting his little, tear-stained face to the great, grave, impassable sky, sobbed, 'Oh, take me home! Take me home! Oh! please, God, take me home!'"

And so the days and the nights passed; but "no one came near Pretty Dick. He had almost forgotten, indeed,

that there was such a boy as Pretty Dick. He seemed to have lived years in the bush alone. He did not know where he was, or who he was. It seemed quite natural to him that he should be there alone. . . . He had lost all his terror of the Night. . . . The hut was down in the gully yonder; he could hear his mother singing; so Pretty Dick got up, and, crooning a little song, went down into the Shadow. * * * They looked for him for five days. On the sixth, his father and another came upon something, lying, half hidden, in the long grass at the bottom of a gully in the ranges. A little army of crows flew heavily away. The father sprang to earth with a white face. Pretty Dick was lying on his face, with his head on his arm. God had taken him home."

Read "Pretty Dick" through. Does not Marcus Clarke answer the supreme test of an artist—to clothe common things of everyday life in beauty and interest—the beauty of natural description, the beauty of innocence, of family love, the beauty of a little child's mind? Surely when he wrote that, he became as a little child, and with Pretty Dick entered his new home. I asked a mother to read "Pretty Dick" to her bright, wonder-eyed boy, and to tell me the result. There were tears in his eyes at the end, it appears; and he thought for a long while, and said, "How do they know the crow said 'Pretty Dick! Walk! walk! walk!' if there was no one but Pretty Dick there?" Ah, my boy, if we only knew that, you should have many stories like "Pretty Dick;" many beautiful stories, such as only a beautiful mind can tell; such stories as a mother might read on a summer's evening to her children gathered about her knees—

Cum tibi sol tepidus plures admoverit aures,

when to thee, sweet story, the cool of the sunset has drawn greater numbers of hearers.

Then there are "Poor Joe," "Gentleman George's Bride," "Bullocktown," and the rest; not forgetting "Horace in the Bush." And let us look a moment at his best known work, "For the Term of His Natural Life." An innocent man, Richard Devine, later "Rufus Dawes,"

is transported—voluntarily to save his mother's name, as he thought—to a convict settlement to be formed beyond the seas—Port Macquarie, Van Diemen's Land. We have no time to follow the powerful characterisations of Sarah Purfoy, John Rex, Maurice Frere, Mrs. Vickers, and the Captain. But from the time the convict ship *Malabar* left good blundering old England, till the *Lady Franklin* was caught in a cyclone and foundered off Norfolk Island, the narrative is full of vivid, natural description, often on a grand scale—such as the description of the "Blow Hole" and the Cyclone—and of masterly portrayal of human character, developing in a strange and horrible environment. We must pass by the vivid descriptions of the *Malabar's* hospital, the Barracoon, the fate of the burning ship *Hydaspes*, the Typhus Fever, the Mutiny, and the rest. We must leave the *Malabar* lying on the water "like a glow-worm on a floating leaf," in a calm—and Mrs. Vickers, who dislikes "these dreadful calms." "John, have you my smelling salts?"

Many of the things in the book are gruesome and horrible enough, even diabolical; such as the incidents connected with Gabbett, the manifold murderer, the loathsome man-eater; such as the lashing to death of Captain Burgess's butler for the serious offence of stopping his ears when the Captain used bad language; the pathetic incident of "Cranky Brown," age twelve years, who "did it this morning"—that is, committed suicide "by jumping off a high rock, and drowning himself in full view of the constables;" he was tired of his poor little life; and of the two babes, Tommy and Billy, who followed his example—they "did it" also by drowning, "condemning their young souls to everlasting fire," as the Rev. Mr. Meekin said piously; and the dreadful lottery of the longest straw.

If many of these incidents are gruesome and cause a revulsion of horror, it must be remembered how powerful is the imaginative work which has placed human beings in such an environment with results so inevitable as traced with a sequence and vividness that only genius could command.

But let us run our eye over the current of the life of the central figure, Rufus Dawes. Read how the *Osprey* was seized; how Frere and Mrs. Vickers and Silvia were left at Macquarie Harbour; how Dawes was left to die at "Hell's Gates," and how he escaped; how Dawes became "Mr." Dawes, and how he nursed Mrs. Vickers and starved for the sake of little Silvia; how he built a coracle; how he learnt that he was the veritable heir to Sir Richard Devine's fortune; how he dreamed day-dreams; how he became aware that "in the desert he was 'Mr.' Dawes, the saviour," and that "in civilised life he would become once more Rufus Dawes, the ruffian, the prisoner, the absconder;" how he suffered mental agony more exquisite than all the physical pain he had so long endured; how he saw the writing on the sand, "Good Mr. Dawes;" of his great sacrifice—how he resolved to restore the sick lady, Mrs. Vickers, and Silvia to their home, and himself to the tortures of a living death at Port Arthur; how he suffered and starved; how he watched over little Silvia in the coracle; how she became delirious, and her memory a blank concerning "Good Mr. Dawes," and all his goodness; how Frere, taking advantage of this, clothed himself in the cloak of Dawes' heroism and sent Dawes in his convict grey to the impenetrable silence and the secrecy of the grave at Port Arthur.

Read how "the notorious Dawes" was brought to Hobart to identify the mutineers of the *Osprey;* how Dawes broke out in court: "I was sentenced to death for bolting, sir, and they retrieved me because I helped them in the boat. Helped them! Why, I made it. She will tell you so. I nursed her; I carried her in my arms. I starved myself for her. She was fond of me, sir. She was, indeed. She called me 'Good Mr. Dawes.'" "At this a coarse laugh broke out" in court, but was instantly checked. (It was all useless.) Dawes "began to have a new religion. He worshipped the dead. For the living he had but hatred and evil words; for the dead he had love and tender thoughts." Read how "if she knew I was alive, she would come to me. I am sure she would. Perhaps they told her that I was dead." How he escaped; how he revealed himself to Silvia, who did not recognise

him, but cried to Maurice for help. "She, too—the child he had nursed and fed, the child for whom he had given up his hard-earned chance of freedom and fortune, the child of whom he had dreamed, the child whose image he had worshipped—she, too, was against him. Then there was no justice, no heaven, no God."

The Rev. Mr. Meekin converses with the Rev. Mr. North. "Captain Frere says the scenery is delightful." "So it is; but the prisoners are not." "Poor abandoned wretches! I suppose not, 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon that bank.' Eh!" "Abandoned indeed by God and man—almost." "Mr. North, Providence never abandons the most unworthy of His servants. Never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread. . . . Really, the commandant's house is charmingly situated."

Contrast these two characters—Meekin and North. "He who would touch the hearts of men must have had his own heart seared," says Clarke. "The missionaries of mankind have ever been great sinners before they earned the divine right to heal and bless. . . . The crown of divinity is a crown of thorns." Read of the worthy Pharisee Meekin, "who was sent to Dawes to teach him how mankind is to be redeemed with Love, but who preached only that harsh Law whose barbarous power died with the gentle Nazarene on Calvary;" how poor Dawes cried to him in despair, "What do you know of such as I?" North learnt to love "charming little Silvia, with her quaint wit and weird beauty; 'he (Frere) is not good enough for you,' North wrote in his diary."

John Rex in the meantime turned up in London and personated the long-lost heir of Sir Richard Devine, and "couldn't use wuss langwidge if he was a dook, dam 'im!" said Smithers, the butler.

"Silvia liked her husband least when he loved her most. In this repulsion lay her power over him. Maurice Frere, though his wife obeyed him, knew he was inferior to her, and was afraid of the statue he had created." What agonies and self-reproach poor North suffered! Dawes became thoroughly broken at last, and consented to try his luck "in the lucky bag," as

blind Mooney called it. Dawes' luck was out again; he drew the shortest straw, and had to live. North had to go at last. Silvia revolted, and was to return to her father in the *Lady Franklin*; North was going by the same ship. Dawes discovered the rebellious, the blind love of North and Silvia; he would not let North go. "But I love her! Love her, do you hear? What do you know of love?" "Love? Oh, it is you who do not know it. Love is sacrifice of self. . . . Listen, I will tell you the history of such a love as yours." Dawes told him "the secret of his own life, the reason why he was there." The rest is short. The sentry drunk, the door open, Dawes escaped in North's cloak and hat to the ship *Lady Franklin*. Dawes "saved Silvia." There was a cyclone. "The sight was one of wild grandeur. The huge, black cloud which hung in the horizon had changed its shape. Instead of a curtain it was an arch. Beneath this vast and magnificent portal shone a dull phosphoric light. Across this livid space pale flashes of sheet lightning passed noiselessly. Behind it was a dull and threatening murmur, made up of the grumbling of thunder, the falling of rain, and the roar of contending wind and water. . . . Lightning seemed to burst upwards from the sullen bosom of the sea. At intervals, the darkly-rolling waves flashed fire, and streaks of flame shot upwards. The wind increased in violence, and the arch of light was fringed with rain. A dull, red glow hung around, like the reflection of a conflagration. Suddenly a tremendous peal of thunder, accompanied by a terrific downfall of rain, rattled along the sky. The arch of light disappeared, as though some invisible hand had shut the slide of a giant lantern. A great wall of water rushed roaring over the level plain of the sea, and with an indescribable medley of sounds, in which tones of horror, triumph, and torture were blended, the cyclone swooped upon them. . . . . From the deck of the vessel the scene was appalling. The clouds had closed in. The arch of light had disappeared, and all was a dull, windy blackness. Gigantic seas seemed to mount in the horizon and sweep towards and upon them. It was as though the ship lay in the vortex of a whirlpool, so high on either side of her were piled

the rough pyramidical masses of sea. Mighty gusts arose—claps of wind which seemed like strokes of thunder. A sail loosened from its tackling was torn away and blown out to sea, disappearing like a shred of white paper to leeward." . . . Silvia "shrieked aloud for help, but her voice was inaudible even to herself. . . . The door opened, and from out the cabin came a figure clad in black. She looked up; . . . a pair of dark eyes beaming ineffable love and pity were bent upon her, and a pair of dripping arms held her above the brine as she had once been held in the misty mysterious days that were gone. . . . Regaining her memory thus, . . . she understood how her husband had deceived her, and with what base injustice and falsehood he had bought her young love. . . . The shock of recovered memory subsided in the grateful utterance of other days —'Good Mr. Dawes!' The eyes of the man and woman met in one long, wild gaze. Silvia stretched out her white hands and smiled, and Richard Devine understood in his turn the story of the young girl's joyless life, and knew how she had been sacrificed. In the great crisis of our life, when brought face to face with annihilation, we are suspended, gasping over the great emptiness of death, we become conscious that the self which we think we knew so well has strange and unthought of capacities. To describe a tempest of the elements is not easy, but to describe a tempest of the soul is impossible. Amid the fury of such a tempest, a thousand memories, each bearing in its breast the corpse of some dead deed whose influence haunts us yet, are driven like feathers before the blast, as unsubstantial and as unregarded. The mists which shroud our self-knowledge become transparent, and we are smitten with sudden lightning-like comprehension of our own misused power over our fate. . . . These two human beings felt that they had done with life; together thus, alone in the very midst and presence of death, the distinctions of the world they were about to leave disappeared. Their vision grew clear. They felt as beings whose bodies had already perished. As they clasped hands, their freed souls, recognising each the loveliness of the other, rushed tremblingly together." And "at day dawn on the morn-

ing after the storm, the rays of the rising sun fell upon . . . a portion of the mainmast head of the *Lady Franklin*, and entangled in the rigging were two corpses —a man and a woman. . . . The tempest was over."

I must keep close to my purpose—to try and ascertain from his works what manner of man Marcus Clarke was. I have purposely passed by brilliant descriptive passages, and kept as closely as time will permit to the pathos that was his; how the most diabolical physical tortures and the most exquisite mental sufferings could not kill the love, the faith, the sweetness of the hero, Dawes—wrongfully but lawfully convicted by his country. We have here the same Marcus Clarke that we had in the papers of the "Peripatetic Philosopher." He saw that the same organised and constituted society which, as a nation, produced the convict system at Port Arthur, produced also, in civil administration, such inhuman butchers as Frere and Burgess and Troke, and, in church administration, such heartless and brainless noodles, such Christless "Christians" as that ass Meekin, so fond of "his friend the Bishop."

He saw that as society goes onward on the lines of democracy, government by the best (*aristos*—best); that is, aristocracy (not the "cant of good blood"), but government by the best in politics, in art, letters, religion, and society generally, tends to give place to cast-iron systems in which the average man, the mediocrity, with nothing but his mediocrity to recommend him, the "parochial committeeman, intensely respectable and intensely narrow-minded," flourishes. Vested interests, are they not everything? Are they not moulded in cast-iron? Who dares to stand on his own feet and cry out with his own voice, he must be silenced. Why not? Such conduct is not deducible from cast-iron. Mob-rule, and rule the mob, and spoils to the victors! Count heads; mathematics is your only truth. He saw ahead the coming slavery of the individual to the State, to society, in the person, everywhere, of the narrow-minded parochial committeeman—a slavery more degrading to humanity than chain-gang slavery, because it is mental and spiritual

slavery. I ask, is not Marcus Clarke's attitude vindicated to-day? Even the Church has to submit; the Church has become a mere social function. The Church does not believe so much in its Master as in what it conceives to be its own interest—its vested interest. The Church does not stand between society and its victims. Not the weak sot, North, who, at least, believed in his Master, and so was not too proud to ask forgiveness even of a convict, but the pious Meekin "preached that harsh Law whose barbarous power died with the gentle Nazarene on Calvary." These are great and serious indictments. The Church exists for purposes of government only, he asserts.

Look at Clarke's controversy with Dr. Moorhouse, a great and good Bishop—broad-minded and liberal. Clarke certainly got the best of the argument, both in substance and in dialectics. Of course people were very shocked at his audacity—even fine old Sir Redmond, who estimated that a man should have some thousands a year of independent income before he could do such a thing in a community like ours. Perhaps Sir Redmond was only ironical after all. However, it must be remembered that Clarke wrote an article to the "Victorian Review" on "Civilisation Without Delusion," and it was the Bishop who attacked him first. Surely Clarke could reply.

Clarke looked upon "religion" as a political necessity merely at present and in the past; but looked forward to a time when "the elevation of the race will be the sole religion of mankind." There is evidence of Comte and Positivism here. Of course, the Bishop could not understand a religion where there is "no God, and no worship, and no hope of a future;" which, of course, again, Clarke never affirmed. To disagree with the Church has always been to be an atheist, an infidel, a heretic, and so on. What large engines the Church does wield, to be sure! Clarke, in his reply, denied that he was an atheist. The Bishop, a great orator, with his eye on the gallery all the time, then proceeds to an ingenious rehash of the Argument from Design, which has long been recognised as quite insufficient to demonstrate the existence of God, the

Creator. There are several other arguments he might have used, which are equally insufficient. His lordship then traverses, in Ethics, the positions of Utilitarianism and of Nativism; but he cannot prove his categorical imperative, his *ought*, outside of human reason. Questions of first and final causes, of origins and purposes, are always, and must necessarily remain, obscure. We can infer at best; we cannot demonstrate, much less prove. The Bishop, I think, underrated his man. However, his lordship is satisfied with his statement, and proceeds through long periods and flourishes of rhetoric to beg the whole question by speaking of "the great Author of Nature," the "All-wise and Almighty Intelligence," the "Divine Will," and so on. The Bishop would surely have done better to have rested his case on faith and belief rather than on reason and knowledge; Clarke points out that he has not used the name of his Master, Christ, once in the whole of his statement. The Bishop, in his peroration, waxes eloquent, indeed, on behalf of the "fundamental social institution of property"—vested interests again; as if property could not take care of itself if the Church were to take care of the souls of men.

One almost wonders sometimes (I speak with reverence) if the Almighty Himself is supposed by the *doctrinaires* of the Church to lean for support on their arguments. The ordinary layman commonly imagines that the Almighty is quite able to take care of Himself, and will do so—Church or no Church. Some bright child of God might again to-day dispute with the doctors in the Temple, and "ask them questions" much to their "astonishment."

With the exception of a few phrases that might have been toned down a little, Clarke's rejoinder was respectful enough. He clenches his case thus: "But your lordship will reply that many of the sayings of Jesus were 'allegorical,' that it is impossible in these days to give our clothes to robbers, and to turn our cheek to the smiter. Very good; then Christianity, as Christ taught it, is, as I say, dead." The Church would do well to profit by his warning; there is much need of it. "Where," he asks, "is religion in every-day life?" "Read," he cries,

" read the literature of the day—sip the life-blood of the running age, and answer." To my mind, there is nothing more pathetic, in the narrow ways of these latter days, than the state of that man who can believe the divinity of Christ more readily than some of the mysteries the Church teaches as necessary to salvation. To prevent misunderstanding, and as I am much too timid to be a freelance myself, I hasten to " hereby declare " that I am a Churchman—fairly orthodox. But that I conceive to be no reason why one should not appreciate sound judgment and fair play.

Why should Marcus Clarke have taken up this stand in religion too? He was a clever man. It is so much easier to follow and pretend to lead, to count heads and be on the winning side, to " jump when the cat jumps." He was evidently not a cunning man. He enjoyed the fruits of the earth as much as any man. He was a brilliant conversationalist. He might have acquired a reputation even for tact (save the mark!) if he had only let the world go hang. What an odious word " tact " has become. See how the Pharisee " rises on stepping stones of the dead selves " *of others* " to higher things," as he " thanks God he is not as other men are." Surely Marcus was a fool.

The fact is, he was a deeply religious man. Your irreligious man is he who, being too lazy, or too cowardly, to face the great questions that mankind has to face, each man on his own individual responsibility, takes refuge in a dogma because it is conventional, orthodox, convenient; or who, like Gallio, " cares for none of these things."

I would like to ask the young authors of this Society if they are prepared to pass through the fire for the sake of what they believe to be true in their very hearts—as Marcus Clarke did. And so he will take a high place in literature; nothing can stop it. And yet there is this consolation—that when he was doing his best work, he was happiest. What is that unmistakable stamp of true literary art? Does not the eternal harmony that flows with the

spheres flow also through the hearts of the poets of art—literary and other? Are not these but tones of the one universal harmony? We may smile at the odiousness of comparisons; but we must judge all pure literature finally by the same tests, the same canon, the same rules if we can find such, as we judge the immortals, or as the immortals judge us by. We cannot shut principles out, as with a wall—not even out of Australia. "Australia for the Australians," indeed! What next?

When he flew in the face of things and made "many bitter enemies," he did not do so for fun. He could only speak what was in him; and nothing is so cowardly as a lie. If he spoke, there would be no compromise. Young authors, try it. You will die soon; but you will live hereafter. The gods try authors in the fire before they elect them amongst the chosen.

Marcus Clarke is easily first in Australian literature. "Others abide our question; he is free." He possessed an intellect that one cannot help feeling was altogether wasted in this little back-yard of the British Empire. This man must (it is as much an affliction as a gift) search out the truth for himself. He brought his wealth of human sympathy to bear upon all things human. We can see in his best work how fine his intellect was; how he worked in images rather than mere words, in words that were indices of images passing into expressed thought.

Of such stuff are the greatest minds made; heart, head; courage, sympathy; vision, expression. Let us turn to good old Carlyle here. Clarke read Carlyle a lot; there is ample evidence of it. You will remember how, after "having fallen lately among new chums," our philosopher had to take "cold baths of Carlyle, Balzac, and Voltaire in order to restore his nervous system." But Carlyle says: "One grand, invaluable secret there is, however, which includes all the rest, and, what is comfortable, lies clearly in every man's power: to have an open and loving heart, and what follows from the possession of such. Truly it has been said, emphatically in these days ought

it to be repeated:—A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge. This it is that opens the whole mind, quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its work, that of knowing; and, therefrom, by sure consequence, of vividly uttering-forth. Other secret of being 'graphic' there is none worth having; but this is an all-sufficient one. See, for example, what a small Boswell can do! . . . It has been said: 'The heart sees farther than the head;' but, indeed, without the seeing heart, there is no true seeing for the head so much as possible; all is mere oversight, hallucination and vain superficial phantasmagoria, which can permanently profit no one."

There is much evidence that Clarke was influenced by French literature, Balzac especially. He has Balzac's vast human sympathy, his minuteness of observation, his consuming interest. Daudet too; that light touch, graceful expression, elusive charm. Clarke should have been a dramatist of great power; perhaps he was. He has written plays, but I for one have not seen them. They are in London now, I believe. A man who could live in the mind and heart of a little child as Clarke did when he wrote "Pretty Dick;" and could live the life of a god-forsaken convict, as he to all intents and purposes did when he traced the life and character of Rufus Dawes, with all the brutal and hideous environment; such a man had the one essential element of a great dramatist. Look at that gallery of types, drawn with such ease by a master hand, in his "Peripatetic Philosopher" papers. These were his ephemeral literature, forsooth. Oh, sad, sad "Bohemian!"

He was a student of Horace too—of Horace's clear-cut verses, his taste in expression, his conciseness, his sweet reasonableness. And Carlyle he read, we know. He must have read not only deeply, but widely. He wrote poetry, too; one wonders that he did not write more of it. He translated not only from the French, but from the German and the Greek; and Horace, we know, was a familiar spirit. It is not to be presumed that he had much knowledge either of Greek or German; but a man such as Clarke was, would absorb the spirit of the poets of the

classics more fully, and therefore render a better translation, than mere scholars in those languages.

He had much of the pathos, the passion, the force of Heine; and was not without some of the chief characteristics of Shelley: his rebellious spirit, the purity and vividness of his imaginative gift. But I have no time now to go into suggestions of this kind.

I intended to draw up a bibliography of the works of Marcus Clarke; I have not had time; I shall have time, and will do so. He wrote two complete novels; over thirty tales and sketches; a volume of "Old Tales of a Young Country" (fine examples, some of them, of what might be called the historical style); about a dozen dramatic works, and adaptations from the French; review articles upon such diverse subjects as Balzac, Doré, Comte and Beaconsfield. Besides ordinary journalistic work, he wrote many brilliant articles for the press, one of which is credited with having wrecked a government. And all this and more was packed into some fourteen years. He could not have had much time on his hands, this idle "Bohemian."

Oh, the bright broad land of Bohemia, a land upon which the sun never sets! All the brightest and best spirits have dwelt there—even Shakespeare and all his company are of them—those who have dared to forswear the soulless conventionalities of their day, and even to cry out upon them as with the voice of the prophets of the Most High. Never have they denied what is true, beautiful, good; but rather this have they searched out without ceasing through all the channels of their being. The smiles they wear so lightly are for the world; their sorrows are all their own.

In certain passages in "His Natural Life" and in the problems that are suggested by some of his "psychological" pieces, there is evidence of the depth of Clarke's nature and of its inward questionings. He seems to come now and again upon that thin partition that divides the material from the spiritual, the relative from the absolute, phenomena from—well, some "thing in itself." He

knocked at the door—the very inmost door called Mystery —that separates the question from the answer. He must, indeed, have a rational answer—an answer of reason in terms of reason. Rationalism, however, cannot explain Religion; that is impossible. Neither do we ask Faith, the "evidence of things not seen," to explain phenomena. Speaking of "John Rex," the arch-scoundrel of "His Natural Life," and his awful experiences in "The Blowhole," Clarke, in the narrative, proceeds: "The convict's guilty conscience, long suppressed and derided, asserted itself in this hour when it was alone with Nature and Night. . . . The bitter intellectual power which had so long supported him succumbed beneath imagination—the unconscious religion of the soul." Imagination—the unconscious religion of the soul! A strange phrase surely, but there is much in it; more than a superficial glance reveals.

Clarke, like most men, believed, indeed—something; he had knowledge of—something; but these two somethings questioned, they answered not, each other. And we must keep on knocking; some day the door will be opened.

> "No, no! the energy of life may be
> Kept on after the grave, but not begun!
> And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
> From strength to strength advancing—only he,
> His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
> Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

Oh, the bright, broad land of Bohemia, where it is never Night! Fare on, thou child of Nature, through sunshine and through shower. Cherished by thy smiles and watered by thy tears, how luxuriant in its beauty is thy world, where the seeds of human kindness fall upon the good ground of the heart, and not amongst thorns, nor in stony places. How beautiful is Nature in all her handiworks! "Only man is vile." There are tears in thy voice, there are smiles in thy tears, oh gentle Anarchist, as thou wanderest on and on, full of strength and sweetness, for thy faith hath made thee whole.

How sweetly human he was; how human his faults; how almost divine his virtues. Surely he was a menace "in such a community as ours." "Those who knew him intimately," the Memorial Volume pathetically remarks, "were few." But he has been dead now these twenty years. He can do no more harm now. There is something strangely fascinating about this man, whose heart was more pitiful than a woman's, and yet fearless withal as that of Sir Lancelot himself as he fared forth alone with his lance in rest; and he tried in vain to conceal his very goodness under a veil, nay, an armour, of cynicism. His seriousness, how high! His sincerity, how deep! What a bright spirit!

Where, then, has he gone—this strong, sweet soul? Back to "Holiday Peak," I think.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Little Nelly (to the story-teller): 'But, Mr. Marston, did you not go back to Holiday Peak?'

"Marston: 'I do not know the way, my dear.'

"Little Nelly: 'But there must *be a* way. If so many people stop there, a coach should go near the place.'

"Marston: 'There is a coach that goes to the very door, little one—a coach by which we must all travel one of these days—a black coach, drawn by black horses. Some day they will take me when I am sleeping soundly, and put me into a big box, nail me up, and put on the lid a neat brass plate:

John Marston,
Aetat—(well, 34).
For Holiday Peak. With care.
This side up.

Good night."

In the Press.

THE LIVING PILLARS OF THE COLOSSEUM

A DRAMATIC PICTURE POEM
OF
THE ROMAN PERSECUTIONS
WITH
"THE ATTIS" OF CATULLUS.

BY

HENRY C. J. LINGHAM, M.I.S.A., London.
(Author of "The Last Hours of a Lion Heart," "The Litany of Love," and "Juvenal in Melbourne: a Satire Social and Political.")

Will be issued early in the month of March, 1902.

"The Australian Literature Society must be congratulated on the brilliant programme it presented to its numerous audience at its rooms on Wednesday evening, June 6. Whatever opinions may exist as to its ability to be of practical aid to Australian authors, one thing is clear—that it can, when it chooses, command from certain of its members really first-class fare wherewith to regale its guests at its monthly literary banquets, which is more than can be said of most of our literary societies. The first item, Mr. Henry C. J. Lingham's 'Living Pillars of the Colosseum,' is a strong dramatic poem in musical unrhymed verse, which was delivered by the author himself with great elocutionary effect, presenting a most vivid picture of the cruel sports and the corruption prevailing in the old Roman Empire, when women and girls, as well as men, were periodically exposed in the arena of the Flavian Amphitheatre and torn to pieces by famished lions, leopards or tigers—and all to make a Roman holiday! The reading or recitation—for it was rather the latter—created a profound sensation, and was loudly applauded at its conclusion. The work being pronounced above criticism, no discussion followed."—*Table Talk*, June 14th, 1900.

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